
OUR OWN—

Among the Hills

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These treasured series of facts, from the author's actual life, are intended to suggest the varying trinity of real or abstract incidents which invade the real of one's own existence — corresponding, in symbolism or experience, with

VOCATION, OUR OWN, MEMORY.





IT IS DAY—the first of the third month Conchubor comes from a potential state into new life. The truths and secrets of ocean, earth, firmament give constant interest; creatures of water, wood, air, much pleasure; sunshine, rain, snow, equal value and delight—for, what in Nature is not good? At times he climbs the mountains, hunts the forests, fishes the streams—takes from the storms their energy and reads tidings in the heights.



OUR OWN— AMONG THE HILLS

— BY —

CONCHUBOR *per se*

*Author of "Old Man Thompson";
"ONY"—of The Mountains; Our
House of Jack; The White Doe "Col-
leen Bawn"; Abenaki Indian Legend
—on Fact and in Fate.*

*Also the man who discovered the
Celtic Snow Cross on Mount Washing-
ton, White Mountains, New Hamp-
shire—see "House of Jack."*



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BY DANIEL P. CONNOR,
MANCHESTER, N. H.

IT IS OUR OWN. Conchubor views a
happy and sad being of Our House
Of it is a mother, Julia (Twomey:
Leary-Scannell-Connor); you, relative or
friend—also every fact of Vocation, Love,
Memory, etc.

For, is it not the truth of Our Day,
World, Time, the continued Story of
Sorrow and Delight, which Nature and
Life offer the rest of mankind?

DANIEL P. CONNOR.

Manchester, N. H., 1914.

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MOUNT WASHINGTON AND THE REST — FROM INTERVALE, N. H.

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Our Own — Among the Hills

A VOCATION

IT is the tiny happenings which reflect the human heart and manifest its workings in grief and joy. With this conviction you are respectfully invited to a town's suburbs, in the White Mountains; and a happy ideal — of uncertain destiny. To fully appreciate juvenile ambition, either in the psychologic or humorous sense, you must consider the habits and customs of a picturesque state's country population, and the serious problem of productive value among the hills—where there may be frost each month of the year. A spirit of industry instinctively influences the mental and social life of the community. It stands guardian over people and purpose—has an ethical potency. Thus understood, you know, in a way, the thrifty, hardy folk of "America's Switzerland." To obtain a truer grasp and juster view of the case on hand, you must have, other than a passive analysis of the home's kinship and a youthful character's environment. My little

friend resided with parents, and the rest, on a small farm, facing the Franconia Range. The place was very near the “wisdom box” —attended. At the western entrance of a mountainous divide there lived, in homestead and annex, offspring galore—also a man worthy of special mention for the merited compliment of, “know-in’ more about herbs, and that sort a thing, than any one ’round this section.”

The moral and scientific bearing of numbers, on New Hampshire’s fame for producing sixty geniuses to every thousand in population, interest less than that there was an exception to the present family average at all three households. As geographic distance increased the sum of relatives did likewise, not alone in commendable numbers, but an hospitably famous degree of affectionate clan loyalty. Then for weeks, and even months at a time, the subject’s entire branch would be absent, on continuous “visiting” trips, to those of their genealogical line; scattered throughout the vicinity. Such regular action caused no more local surprise than the bag and baggage ex-

change of aunts, uncles and cousins—in return favor and fondness. This established order may be likened to the permanency of scene in the paradise of natural charm—for we are treating pioneer settlers. Now it is easy to imagine what occasions of constant gaiety were to a child. First class, indeed, were memories of good things and dreams of delight. Trained for a high grade of fun one expects a change in the practical ideas of normal sense; and a consequent abandonment of wise regard for necessary and traditional choice.

So I come to the fall of 1907, and the experience of a day's volunteer teaching at the A. D. School, on "Crow Hill." Four girls and five boys were in attendance at the time. When questioned as to their vocational tendencies the scholars selected profession and position involving useful service or honorable office, save the one on whom thought centers. Being asked: "What are you going to do when you grow up and leave school?" Replied, in the sincerity of cherished initiation and pleasant hope: "I'm a goin' a visitin'!"

OUR, OWN

Our analysis begins amid the rural glory of a charming town in eastern Massachusetts; at a homestead, once the historic Abenaki Inn, Ponkaboag. The place nestles at the western base of the Blue Hills—a modest introduction to the exiled White Mountains. As sunrise kisses frosty, beautiful summits, in March, 1913, a shadow is cast over the home; symbolizing the death which robed a House in sorrow—Our Sorrow.

At the other side of the picturesque barrier, on the nearest peak of which rests the “Bay State’s” artistic weather Observatory, is the classic city of Boston, with its population of 670,585.

Here figure links struggle and retirement of a former, as the “welcomed” peace of the Canton cemetery now offers the lesson and inspiration of another day—Our day.

At the age of eighty-eight, weighing two hundred ten pounds, a venerable owner reaches the border-land of his silent lot—which he was wont to call “my farm”—with faculties and senses true. Now grave-stones are alters erected to the worship of decay, so look to fairer features. That



THE COTTER - REYNOLDS HOMESTEAD.

ONCE THE HISTORIC ABENAKI INN, POKKABOAG, MASS.

Ponkaboag is named after the Indians of that name; means "bubbling pond of water, or place." These are practically extinct,—only one single full-blood is alive.

Abenaki is after the Abenaki Indians and means "the land of light, or morning"; therefore, the people of "Dawn," or "East-land." The latter were the more northern Indians of New Hampshire, Maine and Vermont, when the "pale-face" came from Europe. The Nation numbered some fourteen tribes. Of these only two now exist; the Androscoggin, St. Francis, P. Q., Canada; and The Penobscot, of eastern Maine, U. S. A.

The author is of the opinion that the above Abenaki Inn was named on account of some associate fact or incident relative to these two primitive people of the same race. From the personal testimony of members of the latter tribe—while I visited at their summer camps in the White Mountains—and their history, the author finds that the Abenaki, since in Canada, wandered as far south as Deerfield, Conn.—on nomadic trips and warpath. It seems natural that some memory must have been left with their Red brothers.

he never met a man, read an article, or saw a face in his life but what he remembered, was often tested—even strikingly verified during his fatal illness. This evidence of remarkable memory has an interesting associate point of view, when one learns that practically all his engaged duties were in a single position—with cousins of a living Ex-President of the United States. His gracious, but responsible service, brought him in personal contact with most every noted—native and foreign—public character of the past generation. The attractive detail he cited, for friendly entertainment, may be imagined.

There is, however, transmissions of a different kind, wherein universal heritage gives the best of each for all the present world—Our World. The typical experience of original men and women is pictured in his courage. He was a pioneer—the first of his line to come to this country.* The chapters of success, affection and gratitude are portrayed in the poetic reflections

* He left Ireland the day Daniel O'Connell died—in whose company he was five different times.

and force of the stanzas, written on the deck of the steamship Samaria, November 26th, 1872, as he was about to sail, a second time, for “home”—Cork, Ireland.

TO MOTHER, FRIENDS AND
IRELAND.

Meet we again for one more friendly greeting,
Shake we each other once more by the hand;
Quickly to quickly the moments will be
 fleeting,
When broken and shattered must soon be our
 band.

Friends I shall meet there, whose friendship
 shall never
Cease 'till the current of life flows no more.
Seas may divide us, but never shall sever,
Hearts that beat true to our dear Erin's shore.

TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Fondly I think of the place I am leaving,
Boldly I seek what the future may give,
Knowing and strength I have here been
 receiving.
God grant us all that we know how to live.
Onward we march then, with shoulder to
 shoulder,
And bravely to meet what life has in store;
With blood flowing quicker, and hearts beating
 bolder,
As we remember Our Own—dear Erin's shore.

This intermingling of faith, patriotism, friendship, pleasure and gloom we pass, for a profitable estimate of manhood, service and time—Our Time.

Wandering still, through years and wisdom, we come to age recognized, not so much in the length of years as their reasonableness and just proportion, which gives it proper interpretation. Here we experience sadness and cheer. The former we mourn as a race, and, as a people, are now invited to the latter by our friend. Strolling leisurely along we notice that he lives, not tells his story—Our Story. The unfolding teaches us to seek the relation of things, for it compensates for the loss of youthful gifts and blessings. We find him in touch with the vital state of affairs by not neglecting essential detail. He makes lonesome, yet traditionally beautiful, annual calls on families near in blood. Such occasions meant “sweet” things for the children; while each marriage inspired a special visit, and its more substantial present in gold—always of equal amount.

Do standards and ideals appear? Yes! which, like the colored glass in the little mountain chapel, Our Lady of the Snows, vary in simple charm but change not with the light of succeeding days. They shine in fundamental detachment, yet produce an harmonious whole. Neither do they darken the hours or ambition, where good things exist. Rather offer instinctive influence, and allow a clearer view of safer ground beyond. If anything mars this field we should understand, for, there is fault of judgment. Nevertheless, who knows but what we survey a better land from our doubtful summit. At least we have a finer vision, because we have made our own ascent. At this uncertain height our companion is near. He points to the broader horizon, in a way which gives encouragement. Since, in seeking much there is a tendency to concentrate on future endeavor and achievement; particulars of delight—Our Delight.

As the grand old guide bids a descent we turn from the bewildering vastness of the past, and find that he has taken the trail to the present.



SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON -- HIGHEST PEAK OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

At this place occurred the severest weather condition in the world's record to date--wind 188 miles an hour, with the thermometer at 50 degrees below zero.



In the feeling of fading aloftness we are informed that what we have left is one with the path travelled, and the future.

If a complex mental state follows this revelation, he assures you that advanced age shall convince you of the transitoriness of humanity. In example we are taught, that the greatest conscious interest is the individual part we have to perform.

Our real world is that of immediate opinion and environment; made so by the revealed connection of all forms of manifest life—Our Life.

Success is in proportion to the adjustment of our own to that of the majority, of the one; its perpetuity, to the largest taking, from the other, of nature's secrets. We are convinced that it is a personal matter. He directs us to a knowledge of human beings and the external world—Our World. There scene and science enlighten as to the closeness of the inter-related scheme of Nature. Then, as the grey of eve'n steals o'er our little Hills, the noble old man takes an everlasting farewell. So we are consigned to the guardianship of all men—akin to Our Own.

A MEMORY*

In the realm of dreamland the mystic awakening of personality exists in a transitory miracle of glorious nothingness, with its sad or happy oblivion. In the functional activity of normal human life and sense there is a will, which gives it a real quality. But how agreeably unlike the active and passive states of a common being. The phenomenon of creation in one is unknown, unfathomable; in the other the conscious, voluntary domination of a wonderful faculty governs the mystery of introspection to the extent of allowing the double pleasure of choice recollection.

So today, inspired by numerous forms in the trees near my home, I recall, through this second, the first visit of these "birds of passage"—or better, passing good—and a few of the native kind, whom a reasonable public gratefully remember for practically effecting

* The author wrote this for **THE MANCHESTER** (N. H.) **UNION**, in which it appeared, Feb. 18th, 1908.

The comment of the editor at that time is inserted simply to complete the fact's detail. It was as follows: "As an example of pure English, and as a gem in the art of graphic composition, The *Observant Citizen* submits a communication recently received, which deals with a subject of interest to Manchester people. The editor of this column has not expunged a word, fearing to lose the clearness of style which permeates the letter. Space is gladly afforded for the communication in order that readers of the column may absorb a better style for their communications in the future."

nature's balance in the local attack of spreading, expensive, troublesome brown-tail moth pest--ably assisted by the gypsy species--which was accidentally (?) ousted on an innocent people, from a Massachusetts professor's imported collection of insects, some six or seven years ago.

The negative benefit may be imaginatively estimated in the preservation of beauty's natural life, and correlative human comfort and happiness.

Circumstances causes a person to reflect on the mystery of insect mind, which may hold to ours the same relation as finite does to infinite intellect.

Take the inanimate order of things. I pick a beautiful bouquet to present a dear friend, or better, to brighten and scent the sick-room.

The flowers should not ask the reason. They have no right to seal their destiny. So in life's estates; to be, or not to be, are justly beyond the prerogatives of individual control. But away with abstract thoughts, and let me again enjoy the incidents which made singularly happy a term of time on May 2, 1907, p. m.

Welcome the facts and humor which concern the problems of a "gang" of eight climbers, "bug men;" an incident of recreation, wherein wholesome initiative and good will gave that ideal condition--mutual fellowship of democratic equality. Seated on the long

terraced wooden steps, built from the river road to the Boston and Maine railroad tracks, for the accommodation of the foot passengers, and which are situated about forty yards above the old covered wooden bridge at Amoskeag falls, I was living in the present and past delights of fascinating, poetic environment.

Presently my attention was attracted by voices from the branches of the two largest of the half dozen trees, which, with the combination hand-car and tool-house so familiarly associated with the section-hand help of the steam railroad system, occupy the triangular space formed by river bank and track bed.

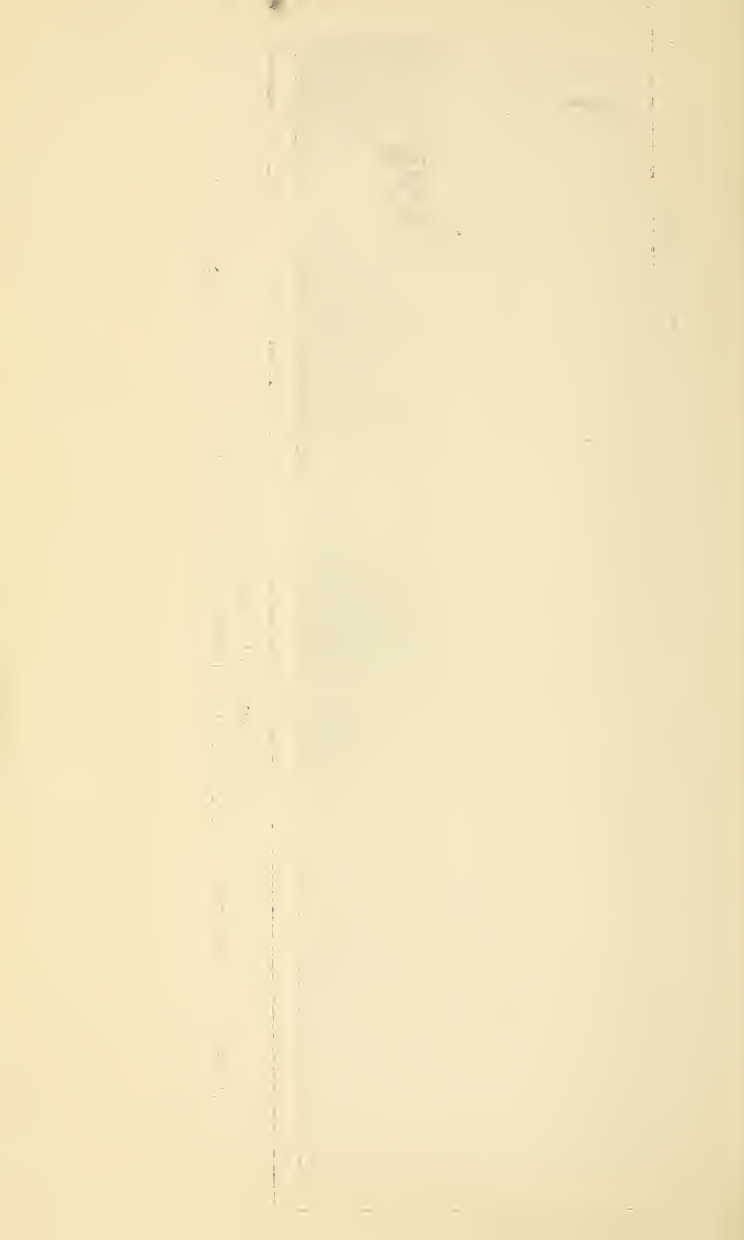
It proved to be an advance guard of two, addressing — from the highway — their companions, who were just emerging from the east side of the above mentioned structure. Then, possibly for my edification, certainly my pleasure, came an amount of comical observations.

Revelling thus in the pastime of "bugtalk" they all came, finally, in the satisfactory order of coercive choice, to the tree farthest north; overhanging the bank and the dirty, treacherous spring flood of the Merrimack. Those carrying the extension ladder, needed in the work, slowly lowered it to the ground and leisurely seated themselves at either end of the now comfortable height. In assembled critical enjoyment the crowd watched a character nicknamed — — who was situated in an



AMOSKEAG FALLS, MANCHESTER, N. H.

AMOSKEAG FROM THE ABENAKI INDIAN TRIBE OF THE LOCALITY: MEANS "FISHING PLACE."



easy crotch of this tree. He glanced significantly at his fellow workmen, as the hook-shaped knife end of his sixteen-foot pole accurately fell on the branch which held the last brown tail moth's nest of this clump.

The impervious cobweb affair, two by two inches in size and containing, I suppose, the average 600 eggs, fell—when the levers, with handle at the lower of the pole, were operated, and the blade end did its regular work. The nest had barely struck the water, to soon disappear like a melting snowflake in the mad current, when the serious, commanding appeal came: "Will somebody please rescue those moths before they drown?"

D. P. C.



A TEACHER'S LETTER

"If may interest you to know that my English Class memorized and explained, to the best of their several abilities, the little paragraph condensing and revealing many truths, pleasures and benefits of all creation: 'For what in Nature is not good?' "

THE AUTHOR'S ANSWER

"If teachers everywhere would take the question's negative infinity and develop its positive value, as you have beautifully done and the fact be aided by a system to promote its end indefinitely, the world would become, in time, a paradise of enlightenment, peace, plenty, instead of a prison of truth. From one viewpoint you have sensed the soul, not alone of the story, but science—which is the wisdom of Nature in its infancy."





CHARLES VAUGHAN,

OUR OWN
"UNCLE CHARLES"

1825—1913

The first of his genealogical line to come
to the United States.





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